

Poetry Series

**Marco Antonio Solano**  
**- poems -**

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# Marco Antonio Solano()

mientras sentirse puedan en un beso  
dos almas confundidas;  
mientras exista una mujer hermosa,  
¡Habr  poes a!

From Rima IV, by Gustavo Adolfo B cquer; it was he, who when I was a teenager would inspire me to write. And so I wrote... until one day I wrote no more, and I would dream no more, and I would feel no more, and I would live no more - and made myself busy making a living as I endeavored to traverse life's mundane roads. And while a thousand roads lead men forever to Rome, out of Romulus and Remus, and in the dawning of Pollux and Castor begotten, would emerge the most unlikely and unexpected of muses - when in a fleeting moment during the Dragon's watch, in the far-away land of the Lion and the Mermaid, a chance encounter would blind me with her radiance and enchant me with her fragrance. Merely an acquaintance; alas, evermore so platonic, and the impossibility of it all - it cannot and will not be! So she must never know how I feel - but the world will. For I saw the Beauty of the world reflected in her eyes, and the sound of her name is Joy to the angels in the skies. And so the Tiger within me was tamed at last; and then I wrote again...

Marco

# A Thought For You

Radiant instance of  
feminine form  
Elate my soul with your  
provocative presence

Glide towards my arms  
in ecstasy extended  
Into my burning passion  
of living love

Navigate the stars with me  
until the end of time  
Allow me to relent  
and kiss your lips of wine

Marco '95

Marco Antonio Solano

# Amor Eterno

Las estrellas se caerán del infinito firmamento  
y la noche sobre el día por siempre velará;  
pero hasta la muerte, y con mi último aliento  
entre las tinieblas, mi voz por tu alma clamará.

Los mares se secarán, y los pájaros ya no volarán  
los justos a las manos de los impíos se rendirán;  
pero aunque ciego y hasta en mi final momento  
mis frágiles pinceles tu rostro en el vacío pintarán.

Como un débil cristal la tierra se despedazará,  
relámpagos y truenos; y la furia proveniente del cielo.  
Pero cuando la paloma prenda nuevamente el vuelo,  
el viento entre los silenciosos escombros ambulará,  
y todavía ardiendo, la llama eterna de tu amor encontrará.

Marco '14

Marco Antonio Solano

# Azucena

Eres flor de ayer, hoy y mañana - perfume perenne  
pétalos que ni en el más árido desierto se marchitan  
mujer de paso firme, sellas tu destino con las huellas  
que ni el viento ni la arena se atreven a borrar

Eres la dulce melodía que mora en nuestros corazones  
y el latido del tuyo, la nota que une los ecos del recuerdo  
Eres la sonrisa que inspira la inquebrantable amistad  
que ni el tiempo ni la lluvia se atreven a olvidar

Marco '12

Marco Antonio Solano

# Beginnings

the innocence of a look, the first time strangers meet  
the words eyes confess, the ones lips dare not speak  
passionate souls await the end of the formal introduction  
body heat rises, desires, now time for the erotic seduction

thoughts and fantasies, dreams and future possibilities  
burning hands touch and explore unknown sensualities  
sand and waves, under the sun, naked bodies shine  
candles and wine, under the moon, tongues entwine

two friends, two lovers, consumed in a vibrant anticipation  
as one, both relish the satisfaction of the ultimate exaltation  
an unexpected affair, not a calculated game to lose or win  
not a conquest, but the way a beautiful love ought to begin

Marco Antonio Solano

# Comeuppance

let the tribulation end, I seek no retribution  
malice I don't feel, though destitute I walk  
I solicit not the annihilation of my destroyer  
for divine is the hand that imparts restitution

if by evil hearts my heart should in turn bleed  
I shall not forsake it with avenging thoughts  
but with much kindness my tongue will speak  
and take no wrong - and so in turn succeed

Marco Antonio Solano

# Danza De Venus

Con paso de bailarina trazas tu silueta  
entre las estrellas del firmamento;  
incapaces de alcanzar ni tu sombra,  
los demás admiran tu cada movimiento

Con equilibrio de acróbata y elegancia de artista,  
resuelta marchas hacia tu meta;  
dueña de tu futuro, conquistadora y malabarista,  
entre tierra y cielo - itú, el cometa!

Marco Antonio Solano



# Defiance

disintegrated into pieces numerous as the stars in the skies above  
no larger than grains of sand scattered along a desolate beach  
washed away by waves of pain, swallowed into the ocean's deep  
at the bottom, drowned in melancholy, never to emerge - forgotten

deteriorated in abeyance between infinity and eternity without love  
the past circles the future like a vulture, the present out of reach  
the night stalks over a bed of nails, on the ceiling clings elusive sleep  
underneath the pillow asphyxiated: soul, body, heart and mind - rotten

overwhelming affliction throngs the essence until more is not enough  
forbearance depleted, to no avail the search for someone to beseech  
palpitation of cessation; at last one more step before the pernicious leap  
perplexity, the ultimate neglect of the created by the eternally-begotten

snared into a world where truth and lie, reality and illusion coalesce  
the futile pursuit of vindication notwithstanding - I shall never acquiesce

Marco '94

Marco Antonio Solano

# Der Edelstein

wie sich der flüchtige Wind durch die Welt schlängelt  
so ist auch das Leben: weder kurz noch lang  
trotzdem nur ein paar Zeilen in der Geschichte der Zeit

durch tiefen Täler und über grüne Wiesen  
manchmal gebogen, aber niemals gebrochen  
bläst der Wind zum Rhythmus ihres eleganten Tanzes  
stolz und furchtlos und als einzige aus der großen Zahl  
ersteht die Blume, die am hellsten blüht  
die schönste Blume, die wir alle lieben

und wenn der Wind Deinen Duft über den Ozean trägt  
und damit die Erinnerung an unsere gemeinsamen Jahre  
dann wird unser Weg von Deiner unverwelkten Schönheit erhellt

und bevor unsere Seelen ins All schließlich segeln werden  
zählen wir bei all unseren Segnungen  
Deiner edlen und beständigen Freundschaft dazu  
und aus den Zeilen  
die wir ins Buch des Lebens geschrieben haben  
wirst Du für immer die unvergesslichste Seite sein

Marco Antonio Solano

# Different Worlds

two lips, one heart  
two hearts, one soul  
two souls lost, one spirit free  
one spirit fleeing the world... you and me

two lips of fire that touch, eyes closed  
two hearts of desire, dreaming  
about the things that can never be  
two different worlds... you and me

Marco Antonio Solano

# Dreams Of Fire

If you are ever lying in your bed  
in the darkness of the night  
and amidst the shadows you see a light  
darling mine, that is the flame of my love  
that burns for you like a fire bright and hot  
moment after moment, longing to be where now I'm not

Marco '89

If you are ever so anxious and embrace your pillow  
and to your face hold it tight  
and you smell the sweet aroma that reminds you of our night  
darling mine, that is the scent of my body  
and roses I used to send in times past  
when you held me next to you, and forever it seemed to last

And if you are hot and restless and take your covers off  
and between the sheets you feel a soft breeze  
that envelopes your perfect body to please  
darling mine, that is my hand that touches you, caressing your each  
and every inch with my fingertips, from your face all the way down to your feet  
and then back up until our eyes meet

If your mouth is dry and suddenly your lips are moist  
and filled with the taste of wine  
that makes your body long for mine  
darling mine, you taste my lips kissing yours  
quenching your thirst for me and mine for you  
more and more you into me and me into you

And if you hear the sounds of the wind  
as it plays with the things around  
making music with every different sound  
darling mine, that is my voice that whispers  
gently and sensually in your ear  
until 'I love you, I love you', is all you hear

And when you wake up the morning after and reach out to hold my hand

but open your eyes to see and empty space where I used to be, and wonder  
how can a dream ever feel so real, and you ask yourself if I still care  
oh darling mine, I tell you this:  
for that night when you thought you were dreaming  
that night... I was really there!

Marco Antonio Solano

# Drops Of Wine

among night shadows, your fugitive silhouette  
of resplendent beauty I quest  
with dancer's grace you traverse the midnight mist  
leaving me intoxicated by the trail of your scent

the morning-after, resigned to reminisce  
about your lips of wine that mine thirst to kiss  
wishing I had rather died by the poison of your tongue  
than to agonize by my own wants reflected in your eyes

but to die there - on your bosom  
with my hand reaching out for yours  
a moment of resurrection never to forget  
in exchange for a lifetime of pains forever to regret

shall I not succumb to your caress?  
shall I, beloved mine, my furtive feelings not confess?

Marco Antonio Solano

# El Desafío

Desintegrado en pedazos  
tan numerosos como las estrellas en el cielo,  
ninguno más grande que los granos de arena  
que yacen esparcidos a lo largo de la desolada playa.  
Arrastrado por olas de dolor,  
tragado por el profundo océano;  
en su fondo, ahogado en la melancolía,  
sin poder emerger - olvidado.

Deteriorado en el suspenso de mi trance,  
y entre el infinito y la eternidad, abarca mi soledad.  
El pasado rodea el futuro como un buitre;  
el presente, ausente y fuera de mi alcance.  
La noche me acecha sobre una cama de clavos,  
en el techo se aferra el sueño que no logro alcanzar;  
debajo de la almohada se encuentran asfixiados:  
alma, cuerpo y mente - mi corazón: destrozado.

La aflicción oprime mi esencia,  
y entre más sufrimiento me inflige,  
despiadada me mira, y más me exige.  
La paciencia agotada,  
en vano la búsqueda por alguien a quien le pueda suplicar.  
Siento la palpitación de mi vida al cesar;  
ya solo queda un paso más para llegar al precipicio,  
y a su orilla en mi efímero indulto poder contemplar:  
el salto mortal que finalmente termine mi desquicio.  
Perplejidad, el abandono definitivo del creado  
por el eternamente engendrado.

Atrapado en un mundo donde la verdad y la mentira,  
la realidad y la ilusión se confunden, y mi cordura delira,  
donde el cadáver de la esperanza

quedó sepultado en un podrido rincón;

...pero ni aunque las llamas del propio infierno  
de mis piernas encadenadas me arrastren muerto  
y mis despojos entierren en el huerto de la perdición:  
¡jamás y nunca me rendiré!

Marco Antonio Solano



# El Faro

érase un día de lluvia en mi niñez  
donde en el pueblo del Cid  
recorría las resbaladosas aceras

y en tu hogar me ofreciste refugio  
y la mano de un hermano que no tenía  
y celebramos con risas las inocencias

compartimos la jornada de nuestra juventud  
tu amistad sincera fué testimonio de tu virtud  
y el heraldo del hombre en que te convertirías

y en mi vida adulta donde la suerte me ha llevado  
por los rincones del mundo que he contemplado  
amistades leales, personas y personalidades  
pero un amigo semejante a tí, nunca he hallado

fuese no volverte a ver sino hasta en mi vejez  
¿cómo te honraría? - ¿cómo te reconocería?  
serías tú el galán espíritu que luce su riqueza  
con un bastón de justicia y manto de nobleza

Marco Antonio Solano

# El Manantial

Día tras día rueda entre luz y sombra  
mundo que alrededor de su eje mundano,  
como un trompo febril siempre gira y gira

Con su fuerza centrífuga fatalmente,  
al pródigo quien sin escrúpulos vive  
al surco del crepúsculo al azar tira

Pero tú que moras en el fértil llano  
e impávidamente en su tierra te plantas  
con fecunda labor de tus propias manos  
del amor una simiente de fe siembras

De tu inagotable fuente de coraje  
un manantial que alimenta su inocencia,  
brota imparable una reluciente vida;  
y así ante ti, el mundo rendido suspira

Marco Antonio Solano

## El Motivo

Como la ola que vagabunda va rodando sin saber  
ni qué viento ni qué marea la tiró al azar;  
mas corre incesantemente hacia las imponentes rocas,  
y con todas sus fuerzas contra ellas vase a reventar;  
para así con su último aliento, las arenas doradas  
de su playa esperándole, con su alma irlas a coronar.

Así aguardo yo: que me reveles tan solo un motivo  
por el cual permitiera que mi amor sea tu cautivo.

Marco '14

Marco Antonio Solano

# El Poema

Yo soy aquel quien te acaricia dulcemente sin tocar  
aquel quien susurra en tus oídos las palabras del amor  
Yo soy aquel quien escribe de ti, de mí, quien recuenta nuestras historias  
aquel quien se desliza en tu corazón y recoge sus pedazos

Yo soy aquel quien te hace querer soñar con un mejor mañana  
aquel quien entiende tus penas con tan solo una mirada  
Yo soy aquel quien siente tu dolor y seca tus escondidas lágrimas  
aquel quien te toma de la mano cuando confrontas tus más profundos  
temores

Yo soy aquel quien escribe de tiempos y lugares que añoras visitar  
el mar en el desierto, el espejismo tus sedientos ojos quieren mirar  
Yo soy aquel quien busca el sendero que tus pies no se atreven a caminar  
el lamento de las olvidadas voces que hace mucho dejaron de clamar

Yo soy la llama en la oscuridad que por siempre arderá  
el recuerdo del momento que ya nunca más volverá  
Yo soy aquel quien enseña lo que desapasionados nunca entenderán  
la página que nunca fue leída, y que hasta el viento ignoró voltear

Yo soy el sueño en busca de mi soñador - no me despiertes  
la gota de rocío en el pétalo de la rosa que el tiempo olvidó  
Yo soy aquel quien te abraza y consuela en tus ansias y tu soledad  
el manantial de esperanza y calma que fluye para llenar los vacíos de tu alma

Yo soy la candela en la noche, que refleja la luz de tu espíritu  
el caleidoscopio de la vida, de regocijo y tristeza, nieve y granizo;  
porque yo vivo en tu corazón, porque tus luchas ya las he conquistado  
porque soy yo: la derramada sangre de un poeta - que hace mucho, vivió!

Marco Antonio Solano

# El Roble

con tranquilidad, ni el más mínimo detalle escapa su atención  
no hay quien pueda calcar ni su arte ni su virtud, ni su ingenio  
resuelve todo con mente meticulosa y curiosa, y paciente mano

día o noche, no hay problema al que no encuentre su solución  
es roble cuya raíz alimenta y cuya sombra refugia a su legado  
es alma gentil, amigo de siempre, y nuestro querido hermano

Marco Antonio Solano

# Eternal Love

the stars shall plunge from the sky  
and the night over day forever fall  
but with my last breath until death  
my devoted lips your name will call

oceans shall dry and birds cease to fly  
the good to the wicked will surrender  
but forever and until the end of time  
the look of your face I will remember

like a fragile crystal the earth will shatter  
lightning and thunder and fury from high above  
but when all of this shall come to pass  
still standing will burn the flame of my love

Marco '94

Marco Antonio Solano

## E????

Erato fue acaso un sueño,  
recuerdo de aquel pasado  
cuyo perfume hechizado  
hincó mi alma ante su dueño.  
Tez de miel, pelo trigueño  
sútil silueta gitana  
sabor de flor italiana,  
donde en mi lengua de hombre  
todavía tiembla el nombre  
de aquella mujer romana.

Marco '15

Marco Antonio Solano

# Faded Dreams

crimson waves wash ashore, just like before  
decadence drowning all aspiration  
the elite not even wet, keeps its lore  
contemplating nation against nation  
still their thirst unquenched, they hunger for more

forlorn masses exposed to searing rain  
no more concern for their offspring that weep  
posterity will endeavor worse pain  
while the opulent turn away and sleep  
tomorrow their remorse may be in vain

all the words have already been written  
perhaps in time they will also be read  
bodies dead - but their hands still try to clasp  
the elusive dream that already fled

Marco Antonio Solano



# Gotas De Vino

entre las sombras de la noche, tu fugitiva silueta  
de replendeciente belleza busco sin cesar,  
con pasos de bailarina atraviesas la bruma de la medianoche  
dejándome intoxicado por el aroma de tu cuerpo al pasar

y a la mañana siguiente, me resigno al recordar  
tus labios de vino, que los sedientos míos quisieron besar;  
deseándo haberme muerto por el veneno de tu roja lengua  
en vez de haber agonizado por mi codicia reflejada en tus ojos

pero morirme ahí, sobre tus senos  
con mi mano estrechándose con la tuya;  
un momento de resurrección que jamás olvidaré  
en cambio por una vida de la cual siempre me arrepentiré.

¿Acaso no debiera a tu caricia sucumbir?  
¿Acaso, amada mía, no debiera por mis furtivos anhelos sufrir?

Marco '14

Marco Antonio Solano

# Hopeless Love

caprice of fate, that we would once share, a beautiful dream  
calamity of love, the feelings we shared, we'll never forget  
ardent flames, lost in the fire, and tears astray in the sea  
from the beginning, the end was inevitable, though no regret

torn by the choices we both made kept us from being together  
pride too strong to realize we were sacrificing our tomorrow  
hurting one another, without reason or wanting was so tragic  
after the rage was over our crying eyes expressed the sorrow

endless nights shared, without each other, where shall we go  
now separate paths our lives will journey, ignoring the pain  
restless souls, to love or be loved, ever a constant dilemma  
searching the right answer, the struggle within, all in vain

illicit affairs, nothing could suffocate the burning passion  
holding on, to treasured memories of times now, forever gone  
never again feeling the intense fervor and unquenchable lust  
hopelessly haunted by the vivid remembrance of our last dawn

emotions in the wind, everything bestowed nothing else to do  
both listen for the sounds of children, that will never play  
aspirations of yesterday, all the illusions we so much yearn  
lovers loved, like winter snow on a summer's day melted away

neglecting to be together, now we won't have to use an alibi  
expectations that were never met, a future that could not be  
nectar of desire we once longed but today it would not be so  
lovers loved, flames burned, two hearts that were you and me

Marco '94

Marco Antonio Solano

# Illusions Of The Heart

Love, sometimes it feels so right  
even though it might be wrong  
Lovers, one is always the weak  
while the other plays it strong

Is it just a game of give and take  
but what is real and what is fake  
Life, promises are made, promises are broken  
but once life is gone, what is then left?  
Emotions in the wind, regrets tearing us apart  
memories of the mind and illusions of the heart

Love, the times you saw black  
I insisted to see white  
Lovers, you had to say day  
each time I said night

Is it just a game of yes and no  
but part of me wants to stay, the other wants to go  
Time, moments are shared, moments are forgotten  
but once time is gone, what is then left?  
Emotions in the wind, regrets tearing us apart  
memories of the mind and illusions of the heart

Love, some times we shared were good  
but others instead were bad  
Lovers, we could make each other happy  
but we chose to make us sad

Is it just a game of live and die  
but should I laugh or should I cry  
Feelings, words or caring, words of hate  
but once feelings are gone, what is then left?  
Emotions in the wind, regrets tearing us apart  
memories of the mind and illusions of the heart

Love, how strange are its beginnings  
though even stranger are its ends  
Lovers, now they are enemies

though they used to call each other friends

Is it just a game of joy and sorrow

but should I remember yesterday or dream about tomorrow

Love, kisses of passion, kisses of deceit

but once love is gone, what is then left?

Emotions in the wind, regrets tearing us apart

memories of the mind and illusions of the heart

Marco Antonio Solano

# In Fire And Blood

I detest to beg and begging I wait  
waiting my heart goes from fire to ice  
going, longing soon it will be too late  
loving, knowing it is you I despise

I hate loving you, but love to hate you  
before loving you, I will rather die  
but die to love you, for I long your touch  
and without your touch, I laugh in my cry

in this tragedy I'm the one who dies  
and spite incinerates my pilgrim soul  
for I choose to be blind with open eyes  
and in pieces pray never to be whole

still, after my ashes sink in the mud  
I will love again - in fire and blood

Marco Antonio Solano

# Jinete Andaluz

Luna llena que en el cielo  
ilumina la silueta  
cual riendas de oro sujeta  
jinete andaluz en vuelo.  
Con rosas y una violeta  
cabalga entre las estrellas  
sobre su corcel alado  
y deja en sus sendas huellas  
que zurcen dulces centellas:  
él, quien siempre amó y fue amado.

Marco Antonio Solano

# La Luna

Envuelto en tiniebla te admiré en toda tu deslumbrante plenitud,  
penetrando la penumbra de mi noche fría, un inalcanzable hechizo;  
cual rumbo incógnito sin compás y ciego fui a perseguir,  
y en el pantano de tus pasos sin huellas, contemplé mi alma hundir.

Mas nunca me ofreciste un futuro, y en vez perturbaste mi lasitud  
con la ilusión de un pasado, rugiendo en el olvido que la deshizo.  
Me confundiste con un murmullo que suspiraba al corazón el vil consejo,  
saeta mortal disfrazada de luz, fingiendo la verdad con un reflejo.

¿Mas porqué no sigo el sendero que ilumina el sol y donde sopla el viento?  
y en vez le niego mi faz; y de rodillas le ruego que reniegue su tiempo.  
Y al rendir mi derecho de elegir le otorgo al cruel destino su diseño;  
y me pierdo en el insólito crepúsculo buscando la luna en mi sueño.

Marco Antonio Solano

# La Musa

del viento que sopla risas con alas  
entre uno u otro remolino  
y del vendaval que a brisa pasa  
fuiste tú mi primer suspiro

de la tempestad donde lágrimas  
se ahogan en lo profundo del río  
y del arcoíris que en la lluvia canta  
fuiste tú la gota de rocío

de mi alma que aprendió a amar  
y después aún con corazón partido  
y entre muerto y vuelto a resucitar  
fuiste tú mi último latido

de las amorfas palabras en la bruma  
que elusivas brotan de mi pluma  
las esculpiré para ti en sangre y vino  
y serás tú mi poema y yo tu destino

Marco '16

Marco Antonio Solano



# Lost Seasons

winter snow shall softly fall from silver-lined clouds  
more white and pure than the flakes of years now gone  
from the sky down to your feet, alluringly floating  
they will dance and deliver promises of a new dawn

the splendor of crystal lakes reflected in your eyes  
captivating, they shall summon a smile from your face  
through the bedroom window gazing at the frost-glazed trees  
and perhaps with another warm body will yours lace

but the winter snow that saw us play with open hearts  
passionately embraced and falling in love together  
the diamond flakes that gently caressed our lips as we kissed  
and the cold nights we shared when we loved forever

winter days and nights when we stared at each other  
and in our warm bed we played and fires used to burn  
do not beguile yourself, for my beloved partner  
our fanciful feelings and that winter, shall not return

spring flowers shall blossom, bright and young and wild  
more beautiful than the precious petals of years now past  
with their arousing aroma your face they will caress  
and your happiness for eternity will seem to last

birds will gather and for you sing new romantic songs  
with mesmerizing melodies dreams in you they will evoke  
the hand of a stranger will be there for you to hold  
and with its touch, your wanting body will provoke

but the spring flowers that saw us laugh and saw us touch  
times when like children we joyfully played in the park  
those emerald petals that silently watched us in our room  
when our deepest fantasies we fulfilled in the dark

spring days and nights when we slept in each other's arms  
and deep and pure love dwelled and fires used to burn  
do not betray yourself, for my sweet and only darling  
our magic moments and that spring, shall not return

summer waves shall wash ashore, shells strewn on the sand  
with seductive sounds more enticing than the ones the years forgot  
new ships will arrive bringing offerings that will intrigue  
they will sail towards adventures more exotic than what we begot

the sun will shine on you brighter than ever, sizzling  
and from within your beckoning body, arise shall a new flame  
words will be whispered to your ear, and desires spoken  
you will feel and your lips shall call upon another name

but the summer waves that bathed our naked bodies  
the breeze on our faces and the sparkling sand under our feet  
the sapphire waters and the sensual shells that to your ear I held  
looks and sentiments we shared as entwined we fell asleep

summer days and nights when echoes of ardent love  
and searching tongues touched and fires used to burn  
do not delude yourself, for my cherished lover  
our mystic ecstasy and that summer, shall not return

fall leaves shall part from trees and your portrait paint  
with colors more vibrant than the ones of years now astray  
and with a crisp air you will walk new paths to conquer  
you will be showered with blessings of a better day

new stars shall decorate the nights your eyes contemplate  
from its deep sleep your dormant heart will perchance awake  
another's path you will cross, and destiny may reveal a new love  
for that someone, you will learn to give and not to only take

but the desert storm blew our fall leaves mercilessly into oblivion  
along with all the years we threw away with made-up reasons  
for our souls, hearts, and bodies as one, best times of our lives  
one day each of us will secretly cry and yearn for our lost seasons

for those ruby fall days and nights when consumed in adoration  
without reservation I gave and fires used to burn  
do not deceive yourself: for my untamed passion and devotion  
and the way I loved you; and that fall - will never return



# Música Yo

¿Quién eres tú?

Eres solamente un capricho del antaño  
un trozo abandonado de madera silenciosa,  
esculpido por alguien quien ahora ni te quiere tocar.

¿Quién soy yo?

Soy aquel quien con su ágil mano misteriosa  
busca tu solitaria nota y hace tus cuerdas vibrar;  
soy tu seductora voz que contra el viento sopla  
la melodía que da forma a las errantes olas del mar.

Eres tú nada más la gitana guitarra que detrás del espejo  
duerme escondida, y en secreto anhela el retorno de su dueño;  
y al despertarte, mudo y congelado en ti contemplo: ¡mi propio reflejo!  
¿Acaso serías tú el valiente soñador - y yo nada más tu sueño?

Marco Antonio Solano

# On Wings Of Providence

I feel you across the night, I see you in my dreams  
I yearn for the taste of your lips to set my soul ablaze  
and whisper your name to the stars, to the moon  
on wings of fire I take flight towards your downy arms  
hoping the lingering torment of my wait will end soon

as the midnight breeze carries your scent across the ocean  
I reminisce of when I first saw you; your image, evermore - unfaded  
against the dark firmament, the contours of your body my fingers trace  
and stretch my hands to clasp the comet's tail that will take me  
towards your heart and close enough to touch your celestial face

divine destiny, allow me to find repose from my incessant flutter  
and there my dwelling uncover, and forever rest upon your breast  
for with stardust I shall write our names across the deep blue skies  
in hopes of awaking by your side every dawn for the rest of my life  
and by heaven's fate my quest do find - reflected in your angel eyes

Marco Antonio Solano

# Over You

with a bracing jolt, from my heart I pulled out the poisoned spear  
though I felt with it departed all the memories I once held so dear  
blood still dripping from the wound caused by your deadly sword  
my walk sublime for I endured, you lied - but I still have my word

looking back, you or me, there is no telling who was to blame  
for all that matters is that once bright, there burned a flame  
too often you made me cry, now lost is the warmth of my smile  
once I wished we had loved forever, though now glad it was only awhile

little by little I have learned to live without the comfort of your touch  
day by day I forget all those magic moments that once meant so much  
with the years I will disguise my feelings, laughter and pain, all just the same  
and by the end of time, perhaps I won't remember your face - or even your  
name

Marco Antonio Solano

# Palabras

Deja que las palabras broten de tus labios como la miel  
para buscarlas con mi boca y al libarlas enciendan mi piel.  
Deja que su dulce sabor me seduzca; y tú, como la pluma  
que por el aire baila al pasar desnuda por la efímera bruma.

Pero las palabras, las que compartimos con tan solo miradas  
son esas que nos raptan las almas dejándolas en rocío cuajadas;  
son los suspiros interrumpiendo el silencio los que pintan y tallan,  
los versos del amor cuando en la noche besos repartidos estallan.

Palabras que enlazan tibios anhelos, en el aire son dibujadas,  
pero promesas esculpidas en fuego, jamás serán quebradas.  
No permitas que con tus labios niegues tus furtivos antojos  
con palabras que tu mirada me confiesa que son mentiras.

Mujer:

deja que tus pestañas me inciten... y mientras mi aliento aspiras,  
en el silencio del crepúsculo, déjame morir; perdido en tus ojos.

Marco Antonio Solano

# Reflections

breath after breath, step after step, no purpose or destination  
eyes catch the tired look in the mirror, staring back in resignation  
I ponder if it is less painful to keep walking in the wrong direction  
than to stop and contemplate the agony of my own reflection

how yesterday's vow turns into tomorrow's forgotten word  
price of serving mortals and seeking to become my own lord

Marco '94

I wonder if it is misery that forges life guided by the hand of destiny  
or the wind on the sea that I sail searching the promise of immortality

Marco Antonio Solano



# Requiem Æternam Dona Ei

Hoy mi alma se viste de negro,  
mi corazón en luto clama  
a quien de mis huesos no legro;  
de mi árbol - la perenne rama

...Domine.

Marco '14

Marco Antonio Solano

# Roma

me duermo trazando tu distante rostro con las estrellas de la noche  
noche de color negro como tu cabello ondulado que acaricia mi cara  
como una dulce brisa escondida en la bruma que me trae tu perfume  
al perderme en tu sonrisa y quedar hipnotizado por tus ojos de color castaño

sueño con tus labios de fuego que nunca he besado  
y de tu lengua roja que con la sedienta mía has entrelazado  
lengua que brota ardiente de tu vientre tus deseos de mujer  
y de tu seductora boca, la cual añoro que pronuncie mi nombre

es tu cuerpo el altar donde con libre albedrío sacrificaría mi ser  
y por tu amor - hasta mi alma, por ser tan solo hoy - tu hombre  
y como colibrí que vuela hechizado hacia su flor de miel  
sembrar en tu fértil tierra y sentirte toda la noche piel a piel

pero este dolor ha sido envenenado por los dioses del tiempo  
quienes nos negaron la misericordia al interponer este puente eterno entre  
nosotros  
pero este amor ha sido desafiado por los dioses del mar  
quienes secuestraron la esperanza al verter este océano infinito que nos parte en  
dos

y cuyas olas me arrojan contra las rocas que se ríen al verme sufrir  
exigiéndome con cada latigazo que me arrepienta y elija mi abismo  
entre quebrar una promesa consagrada, o traicionarme a mí mismo  
entre beber de mi jarra de vinagre y agonizar, o de tu copa de vino y morir

gitanas almas fuese así que en aquel día de verano en país lejano se cruzaron  
ilusión mía que nació cuando nuestras miradas brevemente se encontraron  
una noche quisiera confesarte el secreto que desde entonces oculto en mi rincón  
susurrar en tu oído cuando estés enamorada de mí y en mis brazos entregada  
jurarte con cada latido de mi corazón: ti amo, ti amo, ti amerò per sempre

Marco Antonio Solano

## Ser O No Creer

las súplicas del laico quedaron sofocadas por las risas del infierno  
y la esperanza de la primavera sepultada en los hielos del invierno,  
el torrencial de lágrimas y sangre inunda los océanos olvidados;  
pero los hermanos y las hermanas contemplan la lucha desde la orilla  
y mientras las olas ahogan al lego; ellos se resguardan en la capilla

a lo lejos se oyen las sabias palabras tergiversadas por el cretino  
el hipócrita quien desde su alto púlpito de oro se embriaga con el vino  
y su congregación con el estupor del sermón aplaude cada mentira

luego juntan las manos al rezar, las mismas que no extienden para ayudar  
sus miradas clavadas en la cruz; y de espaldas a los que fingen salvar

con sus frías melodías atormentan mi espíritu: '¡arrepíentete o muere! '  
cantan y bailan en su juego... y yo ya incinerado sigo ardiendo en el fuego  
y desde el cielo... los ojos de ángeles ven pero ni siquiera pestañean  
mientras algunas almas ascienden, mas muchas más - entre cenizas se quedan

Marco Antonio Solano

# Serendipia

En las aguas tropicales  
donde los peces nadan y el rey es el delfín,  
donde en sus costas fértiles  
el sol naciente siembra la esperanza;  
ahí vivo yo con mis amores,  
y la playa mi hogar y la mar mi jardín.

Me deslizo entre las cálidas olas  
que en un instante me jalan hacia el horizonte,  
en mi barca el reloj de arena ya ni la hora marca;  
con la brisa sobre la vela dejo atrás mis anclas.  
Soy espíritu libre y navego por adonde quiero...  
cielo celeste, océano azul - y nubes blancas.

Marco '15

Marco Antonio Solano

# Shadow Hunters

Beware! Illusions I create - unashamed  
whispered the night to the day  
I haunt your spirit with a dark mist  
and lurk in the corners of the shadows  
silently stalking and under many a guise  
with my lies and wicked hands  
and until day's end  
I will seek to make the weak my prey

I am aware alright, albeit always unafraid!  
riposted the day to the night  
It is you who is the hunted - run!  
for I am both Day and Knight  
I own the twilight, the dusk and the dawn  
I give my Word: at my feet  
and by night's end  
you will lay slain by my sword of Light

Marco Antonio Solano

# Sin Remedio

Fueron aquella vez los destellos del mediodía  
de nuestra inocencia su asedio;  
derritiendo los muros con su melodía  
se rozaron nuestros labios, y aspiramos un beso.

Selló así el sol en aquel imborrable intermedio,  
un destino abrasador de perpetua melancolía.

Pero cuando cayó la noche sobre un lienzo terso,  
y los ecos de dos latidos se reunieron sin remedio,  
se cruzaron nuestras vidas... y pintamos un verso.

Marco '14

Marco Antonio Solano

# Tacit Allurement

the mouth that teases with a sigh  
lover's eyes that lure with a stare  
a hand poised on a willing thigh  
while rampant cravings quickly flare

reticent whispers their thoughts deny  
a bashful touch bearing secret desires  
beyond trying to comprehend why not or why  
into the night - one flame out of two fires

playfully exploring their passionate game  
eagerly satisfying any wish they name  
lips and tongues; and naked skins are felt  
into one heartbeat - two shivers melt

Marco Antonio Solano

# The Air That I Write

hear, the sounds of whispers in your deaf ear  
the voices that call, harrowing feelings that crawl  
words written in air, born out of love and despair  
today in fire begotten, tomorrow with haste forgotten

see the flaming eyes, the flickers of impending demise  
light that tapers from within, attestation of places been  
echoes of silence, cast upon ears of brazen indifference  
words there in gold etched, here in blood pledged

feel their hearts pound, the fears that their souls confound  
hands reaching out from beneath, through waters that seethe  
oblations in vain, though please deign to grant quittance from pain  
now ostensible commiseration, then their plea turns into vexation

unveil your disguise, this is not your sole paradise  
time disdain will expose, and of your vile ways dispose  
hear or see or feel, but heed the derelict's appeal  
so that words are not lost in spite, this air that I write

Marco '94

Marco Antonio Solano



# The Carnage

And from the deepest, darkest, and most sinister abyss your true self arose  
your sword of hatred you swung, even when I was pleading on my knees  
without compassion, relentlessly a cruel carnage upon me you unleashed  
and with a macabre smile, my heart, my mind, and my soul you besieged

Growing inconspicuously inside the cocoon of our love that I so much nourished  
not a butterfly, but a deadly wasp would emerge and then turn against me  
the pain of its sting too much to bear, its venom I shall carry to my grave  
my spirit pierced, my dignity and pride stolen, my own life I could not save

Never will I be able to live again, to give to others that which you took  
my devotion, hope, my love, and the trust that once upon you I bestowed  
from the beginning with malice, carefully a web of deceit you weaved  
without a clue, all the words from your mouth, all the lies... I believed

In the middle of the night, I still cry out for you, out of love and pain  
my heart drowned in tears of the torture you imposed, my mind in disbelief  
surely the signs were always there, the arrogance and the lack of compromise  
blinded by your promises, how was I to know that my love would mean my  
demise

Ending our love without even honoring the times we shared with each other  
nothing was salvaged, not the faintest magic moment was left unblemished  
alive and awake the most horrible of nightmares I live, taunted by your face  
without refuge, incessantly running from the remembrance, hiding in disgrace

Suffering is all there is left, my strength drained by the struggle of your hate  
I find no relief in hope for a better tomorrow, for it too succumbed to you  
heartlessly there you stood, your words of devastation still echo in my mind  
I begged for the truth, I searched but you eluded, the answers I could not find

Zeal of the love you once feigned in days now past, all the dreams, just a farce  
everything your own conception, carefully orchestrated for a self-serving purpose  
you never intended to stand by my side, to listen to my cries when I was sad  
without regard for anything we shared, you threw away everything good we had

Kisses that once tasted of wine, now forever vinegar will linger on my lips  
I feel the anguish of your legacy and my agony grows with every beat of my  
heart

I curse he who speaks your name and the day we first met, everything I regret  
the pain deep within my soul, my body already dead, I wish I could forget

Alone in my despair, filled with poison, I come to rest and breathe my last air  
the image of you I once held so dear, I fear not, for your derision lies exposed  
though no game to win or lose, those things within me that you could not see  
beloved, what have you done? - but behold, for I will arise anew with love still in  
me!

Marco '94

Marco Antonio Solano

# The Last Word

freed by fraud from my solicitation  
you claim I'm the source of consternation  
and so elude responsibility  
by staining me with culpability

ears that hear lies, for their eyes cannot see  
the dark hand that did injustice to me  
though in time an advocate I will find  
no respite until I reach peace of mind

and my quest shall be the vengeance for truth  
with words the world will know, and my soul soothe  
for my absolved name will live throughout time  
if yours beside, only because of mine

for it's not a matter of how, just when  
I shall stab and kill thee with my sage pen

Marco '95

Marco Antonio Solano

# The Poem

I am he who gently caresses you without a touch  
the one that to your ears whispers words of love  
I am he who writes of you and me, who writes of us  
the one that slithers into your heart when you fall apart

I am he who makes you want to dream about tomorrow  
the one that with only a look understands your sorrow  
I am he who feels your pain and dries your hidden tears  
the one that holds your hand and knows your deepest fears

I am he who writes of times and places your soul hungers to be  
the ocean in the desert, the mirage your eyes thirst to see  
I am he who searches the lost path your feet dare not walk  
the laments of unheard voices who long ago ceased to talk

I am the flame in the darkness that will forever burn  
the remembrance of moments that will never return  
I am the one who teaches what cold hearts cannot learn  
the unread page that even the wind neglected to turn

I am the lost dream seeking my dreamer - wake me not  
the drop-of-dew on the petal of the rose that time forgot  
I am the one that embraces and consoles your loneliness  
the river of hope that comes flowing to fill your emptiness

I am the candle in the night that reflects your inner-light  
life's kaleidoscope of joy and pain, snow and freezing rain  
for I can feel your heart and conquer your strife  
for I am: the blood of a poet - who was once alive

Marco Antonio Solano

# The Tempest Within

I linger in deep lassitude, in solitude  
as knaves beset my life and against me contrive  
one truth defeated by two lies, deceiving eyes  
mastering the multitude with shrewd attitude

each torment probes my sanity with cruelty  
inside the eye of the storm, yet more tempests form  
the betrayal by the one once held most loyal  
twisting reality with grim mortality

inside, the inferno coils as my spirit spoils  
I should have heeded the presage on your visage  
the impending end is here, your prize was too dear  
your hand rapture foils, my soul for survival toils

neither angels can descry your foreboding grin  
nor your suitor now, foresee the tempest within

Marco Antonio Solano

# The Vow

Shall I dream of heavens and angel wings  
of pleasures and treasures and golden rings  
of crowns and might and diamond crests  
of eternal youth and fame to gentiles impress

When time untrimmed shall thus silently pass  
and fleeting fortunes faded in dust disperse  
when proud kings lie prostrate forever forgotten  
in the cold and distant corners of the dark universe

Then I shall kindle my nights with your constant grace  
and light my path with your beauty evermore undimmed  
for with my last embrace I will whisper your name  
thereupon love enduring will thus entwine  
your soul and mine into one immortal flame

Marco Antonio Solano

# To Be Or Not To Believe

cries for help suffocated by hell's laughter  
tears of pain rain pounding on forgotten oceans  
brothers and sisters watch waiting the end  
as waves of terror wash away my very essence

I hear the words of wisdom spoken by fools  
lying lips pray with hands too proud to handle  
hearts that won't humble immersed in lavish lives  
unmoved by tormented souls they pretend to save

their sound surrounds my spirit: 'repent or die! '  
singing... while I burn in the fiery fire as I try  
and in heaven, angel eyes don't even blink  
as some souls rise - yet many more sink

Marco '94

Marco Antonio Solano

# Un Pensiero Per Te

Radiante esencia de  
forma femenina  
Exalta mi alma con tu  
presencia provocativa

Deslízate entre mis brazos  
en éxtasis extendidos  
Viértete en nuestros regazos  
Iléname de deseos furtivos

Naveguemos hacia las estrellas  
en busca de nuestro destino  
Permíteme claudicar;  
y beber de tus labios de vino

Marco '14

Marco Antonio Solano



# Valentine

body scents and wanting eyes  
nights, sculpting fire from ice  
rivers of passion that flow  
melt and fuse us together  
for comets shall come and go  
but love will be forever

Marco '94

Marco Antonio Solano

# Visions Of Crystal

dusk, I contemplate the sun set and a new moon rise  
as the horizon melts with the far blue oceans and skies  
color by divine hand painted to match your sultry eyes  
inspiration for all, but for some also their final demise

golden streaks on silver clouds that spawn your hair  
beauty by Venus bequeathed for none can compare  
skin of velvet and silk, honey and milk, sailing through air  
name before time written among the stars of your lair

dawn, the gods have smiled,  
the princess is born in satin and lace  
I endure the precarious walk, and search  
the way out of life's endless maze

though I shall choose to drink from the sacred chalice  
and so be saved from destiny's pernicious grace  
I will delight in visions of crystal flames and fires  
hopelessly beguiled by the mystic reflections of your face

Marco Antonio Solano

# Words

may the words drip from your lips like honey  
to be licked from the corners of your mouth  
let their sweet taste seduce and propel me  
above clouds and through ephemeral skies

but those words silently shared with just looks  
let those ravish me and set my soul free  
sailing by your sighs beyond the rainbow  
our verse carved on passion's immortal tree

words that bind our yearnings are not spoken  
for vows etched in fire cannot be broken  
permit it not for your lips your feelings to deny  
with words that your keen stare concedes as lies

beloved, let your lashes beckon me  
and in the still of the night - die lost in your eyes

Marco Antonio Solano